

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Drawings by H. Weston Taylor.

The Cave on San Pablo

by

Ruby Holmes Martyn

their heads, and the fields on either side were rich with the alfalfa that billowed like a living green sea in the light wind. Nora found that the road divided presently; one kept straight on, while the other, narrower, indeed, but harder, worn by travel, turned abruptly to the right. It was to the right that Theresa led the way. Nora was surprised to see a mountain just ahead.

"Why, you've got a mountain right in your yard!" she exclaimed.

"San Pablo," said Theresa, supplying its name.

The base of the mountain was oddly separated from the plateau field by a cañon, and they crossed the deep gap on a hanging bridge constructed of bamboo lashed together with strong vines. Tightly, indeed, did Nora hold Theresa's hand as she felt the bridge sway under their light weight, and she could hear the roaring of the mountain torrent in its depths hundreds of feet below. When they reached the mountain end of the bridge, they heard mules drawing a wagon toward them on the trail.

"Let's hide to let them pass," whispered Nora, for she had not yet grown accustomed to seeing the brown-skinned, bright-eyed peons of their strange land. So Theresa crouched with her behind a bush whose heavy foliage would certainly shield them from the view of any one going along the trail.

Around the corner formed by a sheer

In His Hand.

O WELCOME, stainless, glad New Year,
So young, so beautiful, so dear!—
We look with wonder in your eyes,
Longing for some new, glad surprise.
What grace, what joy will you confer?
Of what are you the harbinger?
Are there some losses you may bring?
Some broken plans? some sorrowing?

O doubts, be gone!—we will not fear,—
We shall be blest, O glad New Year!
God holds you in his loving hand;
Ills cannot come 'gainst his command;
And every ill, when understood,
Will mean, for us, the highest good.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK,
in Sunday School Times.

face of rock came a mule cart laden with bags. Theresa whispered that it was the cement left from the bridge just finished, and that it was being carted to the place where another bridge was to be constructed. The peon who drove the double pair of mules stopped them on this side of the bridge, and they saw him take a bag of the cement on his shoulder, turn with it from the trail, and make his way along the shelf of rock above the cañon. On one side of him was the possibility of a fall into its depths, and on the other San Pablo towered up almost perpendicularly. But the man walked there as coolly as a fly



"There is the cement!" she cried, spying several bags of it piled between two stalagmites.

NORA came out onto the wide veranda where she could overlook the patio or paved courtyard about which the living quarters of the hacienda were built. Theresa Rodriguez was there waiting, and she came close to Nora with a pretty, prim sentence in halting English:

"We are to be friends!"

Nora put out her hand. How pretty Theresa was with her olive skin and big black eyes! She was almost a year the younger of the two girls.

"Daddy wrote that you would be my playmate, Resa. And you shall tell me about the wonderful things in your wonderful country."

The native girl's eyes grew troubled as Nora went on so quickly.

"I can't understand much of fast Americano," she said.

"Then, we shall teach each other, Resa," answered Nora.

Nora had just come to the end of the long journey from New York with her mother. Mr. Cushman had charge of some bridge building on the Andean plateau, and his family were to be guests at the Rodriguez hacienda for a time. Their arrival had taken place a day sooner than had been expected, and Nora was a good deal disappointed to find her father absent, for she had been such a little girl when he left the States that she could not remember him at all.

"Which way will father come from, Resa?" she asked.

"El San Pablo trail."

"Let's go and meet him."

Theresa laughed softly.

"We can make a beginning on the trail," she agreed.

With hands clasped the two girls crossed the paved courtyard. The drive beyond that was lined with trees that arched far over

on the ceiling, and then disappeared by stepping down so quickly it seemed as if he must have fallen. The next minute he came hurrying back and repeated the performance with another bag.

Then the mule cart was started on its way, rumbling off over the swinging bridge. When it seemed that the outfit was far enough away the girls crept from their shelter.

"Manuel's stealing cement," cried Theresa, her black eyes flashing.

"Let's see what he's done with it," begged Nora.

Theresa hesitated.

"Can you walk there?" she asked.

Nora looked at the narrow shelf of rock, but the thrill of adventure held her and she would not turn back.

"I want us to find it," she said.

So they went along the rock shelf and found there were some curious steps leading down into an open space. But there was no cement in sight!

"It can't be much distance away, Manuel came so soon back," said Theresa. "Hasta luego!" (Good-by) she laughed over her shoulder, and then disappeared in a crevasse of the rock.

"Hasta muy pronto!" (Till very soon) answered Nora, following, and she found herself in the most wonderful cave she had ever dreamed of seeing.

It was half lighted from the narrow opening. Great stalactites hung from the shadowy roof and almost met the stalagmites piled on the stone floor. It could have been in no more wonderful cave than this that the Forty Thieves had kept their fabulous treasure!

"There is the cement!" she cried, spying several bags of it piled between two stalagmites.

A strange rumble began far, far over their heads. It seemed to come from the top of the mountain and was the most awesome noise Nora had ever heard. She saw Theresa lift her head and a flash of understanding cross her face. An instant later she had forced Nora roughly down on a stalagmite and cried:

"Stay! I will return! Hasta muy pronto!"

The fearful rumble grew louder and louder. Nora saw Theresa turn and run from the cave and she started to follow, but the native girl's word of command held her back. In this peril she was so certain of, but could not understand, she must have the courage to trust her friend. She crouched there while the cave floor trembled, and the noise echoed and re-echoed through the cavern depths like rolling thunder. And there was a smell of fresh, damp rock-earth mingling with the chemist-shop odor of the cave.

When the noise finally died away, Nora found that she could not see a thing and blinked hard to make sure she was not blind. Twice she called to Theresa, but the only sound was the echoing of her own words. She must be alone in the cave, which by some mysterious means had grown perfectly dark.

But Theresa had said she would return!

"I've got to believe that hard, hard, hard," whispered Nora.

She tried to walk a little, but struck her face so sharply against a stalactite that she felt blood from the cut. Then she sat on the cold stone floor and sang. As the minutes crept into hours Nora grew very cold and hungry and fearful that she was not going to be rescued from this dreadful place.

She felt sure now that it was an earth-slide which had imprisoned her.

But finally there came a muffled, grating sound that she was sure was shovels working in dirt, and when at last a rift of light came into the cavern she screamed for joy.

"Theresa!"

But a strong, American man's voice answered:

"Are you all right?"

That must be father! And Nora answered him joyfully.

The shovels flew again to their digging. Larger and larger grew the opening, and Nora saw that the earth had fallen into the cave in such a manner that she could climb up the slope of it to the place they had made. A big, tanned man, with his white clothes very dirty from digging, held her fast.

"No more adventures of this kind," he said, and Nora felt that he was trembling.

She saw the peon, Manuel, there and his big eyes were watching her, and then Nora felt sick and giddy and very glad to be in her father's strong arms that could carry her to the trail, and over the hanging bridge, and on to the hacienda house. As they went along she heard Theresa explaining how it was she had left Nora in the cave.

"I heard the earth coming, Señor, and I knew the dreadful way was the only way to save Nora. She could not have run out and crossed the bridge quickly enough, as myself, and if we had both been caught within—" she broke off abruptly, for very probably no one would have found them alive if there had been no guidance to the spot where they disappeared.

So Nora's trust in Theresa's words had saved her life.

The next morning they found that Manuel had confessed his theft of the cement.

"I'm glad he told on himself," said Nora.

Theresa nodded.

"Manuel must commence good since he's said he's sorry to El Señor."

Winter and Summer.

I LOVE the winter. You know why?

Because the sleighs go jingling by,
And I can take my sled and slide,
Or on some big punt catch a ride;
But best of all the sports I know
Is making great forts out of snow.
I come from play and get my book
And curl up in the fireplace nook,
And read and read until I hear,
"It's time to eat your supper, dear."
But I love summer more, don't you?
Just think of all the things to do!
School doesn't keep, and I can go
Out in the fields where wild things grow;
Or, barefoot, in the water wade,
And then dig caverns with my spade.
I talk to flowers, and climb the trees,
I go about just where I please,—
The summer time is good for me
Because I live outdoors, you see.
(A pause, and some meditation.)
Oh, Christmas comes in winter, too,
And, when I think of what I do,
Of Santa Claus at every store,
Perhaps I like the winter more.
(Another serious silence, and then,)
Please rub that out. Begin again,—
Once Daddie called me "weather-vane,"—
Why, surely I must change my mind
If some new reason I should find;
I love them both alike, you see,
For each brings happy days to me.

The Christian Register.

Father.

AT the sound of the gay laughter, father looked up, startled. Then he turned back to his desk, and finished his methodical preparations for "closing up." It was Kittredge's girl; she often came in to walk home with him. Father's gentle face settled into wistful lines. It had sounded like Betty's voice; how pleasant it would be if it had been Betty herself!

All the way home, on the trolley, father kept thinking of the girls. There were three: Martha, who was engaged to young Dale,—a splendid match, every one said; Julia, who was a beauty; and Betty. They were splendid girls, all of them, much prettier than Dell Kittredge, and yet—father's thoughts ran back to their babyhood; even then he had not known how to play with them very well, but Annie had been alive to help. Since she died, father had somehow lost touch with his girls. He had worked harder and harder as the cost of living increased, but it needed something more than that. He wished that he could ask Kittredge what it was.

Dinner was ready when father reached home. It was a good dinner, and the girls chatted gayly about their dresses, and friends, and plans. They did not talk to father, and he ate in silence. After dinner, he went into the parlor to read the newspaper; but presently young Dale appeared, and father knew that he and Martha did not want any one else about. He wandered out on the piazza; but finding a gay group of young people there with Julia, he went slowly upstairs. Betty, as she passed the door of his room, saw him sitting there in the dark.

"All alone?" she asked.

"All alone, Betty," he answered. He tried to say it cheerfully, as if he did not care, but Betty came in.

"I wish I could stay," she said, "but Dell Kittredge is waiting for me downstairs, and I've promised to go down to the library with her."

"Dell Kittredge!" father exclaimed.

"Why, yes—why, daddy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," father answered. "Run along, little girl. I've seen her at the office sometimes, that's all. She comes to walk home with her father; they seem to have great times together."

Betty stopped, and kissed his forehead. "I guess they do, daddy," she said.

The next day, when father reached the office, he found a letter on his desk. The writing seemed vaguely familiar. He opened the letter with a puzzled frown. It read:

Daddy Dear,—You are cordially invited to escort your daughter Betty home to-night at five o'clock.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH MORRIS.

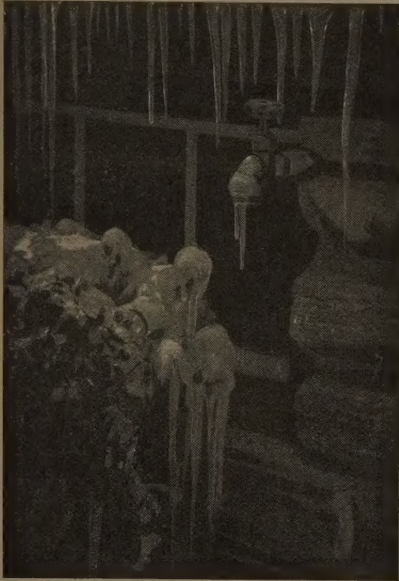
Father read it over three times, then he put it carefully away. He straightened his thin shoulders, and glanced happily about the office. He looked ten years younger.

Youth's Companion.

Be an Optimist.

DO not look at clouds and shadows,
Watch for sunshine day by day;
Let your tones be full of courage.
Scatter gladness on the way.
Up and down the teeming present
Learn the dear and precious art,
How to meet both haps and mishaps
Ever with a cheery heart.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



The Icicle Plant.

BY WILLIAM LUDLUM, JR.

WHAT a curious thing is the icicle plant,
That grows on the edge of the roof's
steep slant,
With its roots above and its point below,
That isn't the way a plant should grow!

All other plants from the ground grow high
And point to the overhanging sky;
But the icicle plant, with a way of its own,
Takes root above and has downward grown.

All other plants need the summer sun,
And wait until balmy spring's begun
Before their heads peep up through the earth;
To the warmth of the sun they owe their
birth.

But the icicle plant, when the cold wind blows,
Takes life in the whirl of the winter snows,
And the freezing water, drip by drip,
Spreads and lengthens the icicle's tip.

On the Square.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

BEATRICE JAMISON closed the door
of Professor Dean's office. Then she
gave a jubilant little skip. "Oh,
Ethel!" she called.

The girl at the far end of the corridor,
hastening toward the elevator, turned.
Then she began to walk toward her friend
just as the office door reopened, and
Professor Dean stepped out.

"By the way," he inquired genially, "I
wonder if you two young ladies would like
a small job of addressing, between you? I've
an order from a business man for a couple of
thousand post-cards to be sent out. I
thought some of the pupils might be glad
of the work. He'll pay a dollar and a half
a thousand. What do you say?"

Beatrice nodded. "I need the money all
right," she replied.

"Can we take them home?" Ethel in-
quired thoughtfully.

Dean pushed the door wide, motioning
them to enter. "No," he replied, "you'll

have to do them here. He's in a rush, and
will send a boy up at six o'clock for what's
ready, and again at nine. If you can't do
them, I'll get some one else."

"I can," Ethel declared.

Beatrice repeated, "I need the money all
right, Professor Dean."

"Then *that's* settled," Crossing to the
desk, he picked up a couple of pamphlets,
handing one to each. "There's the list of
names," he remarked. "You'll note the
larger cities have streets and numbers; the
smaller, none. Follow your lists. You'll
find the cards in the machine room."

As the two girls left the office and once
more entered the hall Beatrice gave another
little skip. "Hurrah!" she exulted. Reach-
ing out, she slipped her hand through Ethel's
arm. "I'm going to have my Diploma Fri-
day," she announced gleefully. "I've taken
a hundred and twenty words all right for the
last number of tests. I'm going down to
Kingston's Law Office for an interview at
seven o'clock this evening. Mr. Kingston
wants a girl."

Ethel nodded. "I'm to get mine, too,"
she confided. "And isn't it queer, Bee?
I'm to see Mr. Kingston, also, at half-past
seven."

"Pa Dean said," with careless disrespect,
"that he wanted to see two 'young women.'"
She made a little grimace. "I didn't know
he'd picked you for the other," she said.

"I don't like to seem pitted against you,"
Ethel declared staunchly, her smooth brow
wrinkling into a troubled frown. "I won't
go. We're friends."

"Nonsense!" Beatrice tossed her bright
head. "All's fair in war, Eth. Besides, I'm
sure to get it."

They had entered the dressing-room to
leave their hats, and unconsciously Bea-
trice glanced into the long mirror. Reach-
ing up, she thoughtfully arranged a loose
wisp of hair that glistened about her fingers
like threads of spun gold. A little smile
curved the full red lips as she sensed the
pretty picture reflected therein—the glowing
cheeks, with their soft roundness; the clear
blue of the wide eyes, that seemed to have
caught a fleeting glint from the blue of the
sky; the broad, full brow; the round, white
neck. Back of her, shoulder to shoulder, a
rather grave, pale face with deep gray eyes
and straight, nondescript hair seemed but
to add to her own charm.

She turned. "Not that you aren't worlds
smarter and better than I, honey," she ac-
knowledgeed lightly, "but, you see, Mr. King-
ston knew Pa when they were boys at college.
Pa said if the chance came I might get in there.
So, you understand, I'm practically certain
of the place."

"I see." Hearty fellowship sounded in
the other girl's voice. "Besides," she added
good-humoredly, "who'd want me round,
after seeing you?"

"Stuff!" Beatrice exclaimed. "He wants
a *stenographer*. Don't you go to thinking
silly things, Eth."

"I'm not. But who could blame a person
for preferring a pretty landscape instead of
hubbles and deserts? I don't," defiantly.
"Other things being equal, I'd choose that
way myself."

Arm in arm, they entered the typewriter
room. Each girl appropriated a box of
cards and soon the click, click of the keys was
sounding merrily. But presently one of
them ceased.

Beatrice turned, fingers poised lightly over
the machine. "Say, Eth," she called, "what's

the use putting all these streets in? Takes
twice as long."

Earnest gray eyes were lifted slowly from
her work as Ethel turned and faced her friend.
"Why, Bee, he said to follow the list," she
declared. "They mightn't half be de-
livered, otherwise, you know."

"Who cares?" The rose-leaf face crinkled.
The small mouth drew into a disdainful
knot. "Who'll know, anyhow?" she fumed.
"I'm going to drop 'em. Name and city's
enough for me. The boy's going to take
'em straight to the office. Half those
people'll never glance at them *anyway*, so
what's the diff if they aren't all delivered?"

Ethel's small, plain face lightened. "Bee,"
she argued, "I'll never forget the day Dad
died." A little catch came into her voice,
an added brightness to her eyes. "We were
always chums, you know, Dad and I. And
just before he went, he opened his eyes wide
and said, 'Remember, little chum, it's to be
always *on the square*!' I couldn't do it,
and have Dad know."

Beatrice cleared her throat. "You're
an angel, dear," she acknowledged. "But
I'm afraid you'll never get on."

The machines set up their clicking once
more.

Six o'clock struck, and the girls arose.
Bee's pile of finished work was nearly double
that of Ethel's. "I've a good mind to stop
at MacDougal's Studio," she pondered
doubtfully, "and engage painting lessons.
They pay their girls good salaries at King-
ston's. I'm going into Johnston's for that
lovely blue suit the instant I get my first
week's pay." Then she sobered. "I hope
you'll get something soon, Eth," she declared
good-naturedly.

"I've got to!" The sturdy, dark little
face was full of sudden fire. "Why! Pa left
Ma to me."

"Well," Bee nodded, as they paused a
second outside the door, "I'll see you later.
I s'pose you'll be back to finish up?"

"Of course," Ethel replied. "I wish we
went the same way."

"Little goosie!" the other laughed as she
turned in the opposite direction, "you're
too good. You'll never, *never* get on."

Outside the door of Kingston & Kingston's
Law Office Beatrice paused, an hour later.
She patted the loose curls softly into place,
settled her hat, girl-fashion, and smoothed
her gown. Then she entered.

Sitting down opposite the lawyer she
answered his questions readily, then took
a dictation test and transcribed it accurately.
But the keen, alert face of the great lawyer
was unreadable as he opened the door and
bowed her out. "I will communicate with
Professor Dean later," he announced.
"Good-night."

On the threshold, Ethel Langston stood
waiting.

She, too, transcribed her test accurately
and well. She, too, answered his queries.
But her eyes held a far-away look. She
was seeing a woman, small and thin, with
silver hair and fading sight. She was almost
grudging the time given to a useless inter-
view.

The lawyer's voice recalled her. "That is
all," he was saying kindly. "I will let you
hear my decision through Professor Dean
tomorrow."

Reaching out, he touched a bell as the
door closed behind her. "Got the post-cards,
Ned?" he asked.

The tall, bright-eyed negro lad who entered
showed two rows of shining white teeth.

"There they are, sir," he replied, and placed a couple of packages on the desk.

The lawyer pushed them aside. "I'm famished," he said. "I haven't had a bite since one o'clock. What do they show?"

The boy drew a step nearer. "The little dark lady's all right, sir," he announced, "numbers—streets—all there. But Miss Jamison's all wrong."

Lawyer Dean arose. "Throw them into the furnace," he ordered curtly. "They've served their end." He reached for his coat. "Ned," he said, "go up and tell Professor Dean to have Miss Langston report for work at nine-thirty, sharp, on Monday." He tossed out three crisp one-dollar bills. "Call off the rest of the addressing," he ordered. "But pay the bill for the lot. Good-night."

The Grown-up Me.

I DO so wish that I could see
The grown-up girl that will be me—
Such heaps of things I want to know,
And she could tell me if they're so:

If they let her stay up till late,
And not go off to bed at eight,
And how it feels, way off in then,
To stay down-stairs awake till ten?

And if she ever wants to cry,—
The grown-up me in by-and-by—
(But I don't think she could, do you?
If all the things I want come true?)

But when She's here, grown-up and tall,
There'll be no "little me" at all—
So I shall never, never see
The grown-up girl who will be me!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Little Jumping Joan and Simple Simon's Mother.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

IN Laura's Mother Goose Book is the picture of a merry little girl, while beneath the picture is this rhyme:

Here am I, Little Jumping Joan!
When no one is with me,
I am always alone!

The picture of the little girl always makes you smile, unless you are cross and extremely out of sorts. The reason the picture makes you smile, is because there is magic in it. The magic began working long ago when Simple Simon was such a little fellow he went fishing for a whale when all the water he had, as you may remember, was in his mother's pail.

The name of the magic in the Jumping Joan story is kindness; and they do say that the magic of kindness, when it is once put in motion, never stops working, but goes on forever and forever.

However that may be, Little Jumping Joan knew that Simple Simon's mother loved him dearly. He was a good boy, she said, always ready to fill the wood-box or bring in water or do errands. He never teased little girls, and he treated small boys as politely as he treated big ones. Also, Simple Simon loved his mother dearly. He said she was a good mother, always ready to read stories to him after the dishes were washed, or to sing him to sleep at bedtime, or to mend his little blouse and trousers after he went to sleep.

One day, during Fair time, Little Jumping Joan's brother came home with the news that

Simple Simon was lost. He was last seen on his way to the Fair.

"Tell me about it!" said Little Jumping Joan.

"Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the Fair,"

began Joan's brother, while all the family listened.

"(Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Let me taste your ware?'
Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
'Show me first your penny!'
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Indeed I have not any.'")

"Quite right, quite right," commented Joan's father.

"To be sure," agreed Joan's mother, "the pieman needed the money."

"But," added Joan's brother, "Simple Simon has not been seen since he met the pieman at seven o'clock this morning, and now it is nearly supper-time; and the worst of it is that his mother sits in the window and won't smile nor talk!"

"Why doesn't she go and hunt for Simple Simon?" demanded Little Jumping Joan.

"Because she feels too bad!" declared Joan's brother. "I should think you would sit still and stop bobbing up and down like a rubber ball! I don't wonder the children laugh at you and call you Little Jumping Joan!"

"But I should think she would go to the Fair and find Simple Simon!" Joan insisted pleasantly.

"Why, she feels too bad!" the boy repeated. "She is turning into a stone woman! She can't move. The neighbors have tried to comfort her, and they can't do it. She sits and stares at the road and thinks and thinks of Simple Simon! It is dreadful!"

"So it is!" agreed Joan's mother. "I shall go to see her!"

But the good woman soon returned. "It is a sad case," she reported; "but there is one hope. Dr. Foster says that if she could be made to smile, then she would be herself again, and perhaps she could find Simple Simon; but, of course, all the folks laugh at Dr. Foster, and no wonder!"

"Why do they laugh at Dr. Foster?" asked Little Jumping Joan, as she straightened a kink in her jumping-rope.

"Well, Joan dear," her mother explained, "it seems that once,—

"Dr. Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain.
He stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle,
And never went there again!"

that is why folks laugh at Dr. Foster and seldom follow his advice!"

"I am so sorry for Simple Simon's poor mother," exclaimed Little Jumping Joan. "And maybe Dr. Foster is right! I shall try to make Simple Simon's mother smile!"

"What will you do?" inquired her brother. "There is only one thing I can do," answered Little Jumping Joan. "I can jump! I love Simple Simon and I love his mother! If I can make his mother smile, then maybe she will be like herself again, so she will search for Simple Simon. It is one of the rules of magic that a boy's mother can find him!"

"I tell you," declared Joan's brother, "that Simple Simon is lost. He has been hunted for by neighbors, and he cannot be found! If you can do nothing but jump, you better stay at home!"

But little Joan wouldn't listen. Instead,

she ran to Simple Simon's home and bowed low before his lonely mother. In the little maid's voice was the magic of kindness as she sang,—

"Here am I,
Little Jumping Joan,
When no one is with me,
I am always alone!"

The minute Simple Simon's mother heard that, and saw merry Little Jumping Joan, she tossed up her hands and laughed loud and heartily.

Immediately a strange thing happened. Down from the attic clattered Simple Simon, skipping and dancing. In his hand he carried a tin pail which he swung round and round before he put it on the floor while he kissed his astonished mother.

"What is in your pail?" inquired Little Jumping Joan.

"Blueberries for a pie!" answered Simple Simon. "I went in the woods to pick berries so we could have a pie of our own! Won't you stay to supper, Little Jumping Joan?"

"Of course she shall stay to supper," said Simple Simon's mother, "and eat the pie with us! But why did you hide when you came home, my boy? Why didn't you come straight to your mother?"

Simple Simon gazed at his toes and fidgeted; he didn't know what to say. The truth is that Simple Simon was frightened when he saw his mother staring at the road.

"When she laughed, then I wasn't afraid," was all the answer Simple Simon made to his mother's question. "If she hadn't laughed I was going to run away. But now we shall have pie of our own! Will you stay to supper, Little Jumping Joan?"

So Little Jumping Joan stayed to the blueberry pie supper, after she had run home and asked her mother for permission.

Simple Simon brought the wood and built a fire for his mother in the kitchen stove. Then he brought the water and did errands while she made the pie. The pie was good, much sweeter than the pieman's pie. After supper, when the dishes were washed, Simple Simon's mother read stories to the children, until at candle-light Little Jumping Joan said "good-night," and ran home to her mother.

And from that day to this, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, look at the picture of Little Jumping Joan, in the book, and smile.

Things that Count.

NOT what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but the good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

Outlook.

For the Quiet Hour.

May the beauty of the Lord our God be
upon us. *Bible.*

Our lives may in glory move along,
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see,—the very air
We breathe, self-shaped into a natural song.
H. S. SUTTON.

Prayer.

OH, may I be strong and brave to-day,
And may I be kind and true,
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say,
And love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine,
Let me turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and light
I would lift the world, and when,
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright
I come to the calm of the starlit night,
Let me rest in peace. Amen.

[The prayer-poem used in this service is
from the pen of Nixon Waterman.—EDITOR.]

The Midnight Alarm.

NOT long ago, says *The Girls' Companion*,
fire destroyed the largest building on
the campus of beautiful Wellesley College.
At the first clang of the fire gong, two hun-
dred and fifty students, fifty instructors, and
fifty maids sprang from their beds in the
dead of night, and, according to the rules of
the fire drill, shut their windows and trans-
oms, turned on the lights, and stood in the
halls until the second gong rang, ten seconds
later. But even then, while the building
was filling with smoke, those on the lower
floors waited until those on the upper floors
had passed down first. Under the eye of
the fire marshal, all marched in perfect or-
der downstairs to the front exit.

But the front exit was already in flames
and could not be used. Without the first
sign of a panic, the line turned and three
hundred and fifty people passed in safety
out of the rear exit. Not a person perished
in the flames that completely destroyed the
dormitory. Said the president of Wellesley:

"The obedience to the fire drill as a re-
sult of discipline was a credit to the college.
Never before has there been such a fire
without loss of life or injury to some one."

We are told that the students of Welles-
ley have been preparing for fire for thirty
years. Although the students may have
laughed at the day fire drills, and have
groaned at the night fire gongs that sum-
moned them from deep slumber, yet they
learned the lesson of obedience to discipline.

On the badge of the Boy Scouts is the
motto, "Be Prepared," meaning that the
scout is always to be in a state of readiness
in mind and body to do the right thing at
the right moment.

To be able to do the right thing at the
right time, and then to do it, is well worth
the long years of perhaps irksome prepara-
tion spent in school and office or shop.



Painting by B. Pighein.

Motherhood.

THE simplest and most obvious message
of the world's madonnas is the mother
ideal. The value to the world of all that part
of Christianity which centered round the
mother with the babe in her arms cannot be
told. It brings religion close to common
life and the most universal human experi-
ences. In those dark days of the Middle
Ages, when women had small place and part
in the worship of the church, the madonna
over the altar kept alive in humanity true
reverence for woman, the life-bringer. In
time, the practice of man came nearer to his
ideals. If he paid less homage to one mother
of a time long past, he gave larger tribute of
respect to womanhood.

Every girl who learns to love the pictures
that great artists have made of the mother
Mary and the baby Jesus, is stirred by two

great emotions,—the thought of her own
mother, and the dream of her own future.
Nor is that dream alone a desire for happi-
ness; it is great with the thought of service.
She would give her mother-heart to the
betterment of the world. She longs to care
for helpless and neglected children, to do
her share in making the ways of life safe
and pleasant for little feet to tread. To that
end she is willing to assume any duties and
responsibilities, even those which have not
before been intrusted to women. When she
sees aright she knows her own life, as well as
that of her child, to be part of the life of
God on earth. Through her greatness of
vision and her faithfulness does the world
learn to find the heart of God tender, com-
forting, made near and real in a mother's
love.

The Brave Little Girl.

A BRAVE little girl (perhaps 'twas you)
Once *thought* she met a bugaboo—
As large as any ever seen,
Quite as cross, and twice as green!
It seemed to be just—standing there,
With something between a grin and a glare.

But this little girl said to the bugaboo,
"Oh, pooh! I don't believe in you!
There is no need for you to stay,
So—scat! You'd better run away!"
And just as sure as sure can be,
That bugaboo changed to the stump of a tree!

Then the brave little girl just nodded her head:

"I see it's true as Mama said—
That the bugaboo isn't even an elf:
It's only a 'when-you-scare-yourself.'
If you just keep cool and say, 'Oh, pooh!'
It puts an end to the bugaboo!"

TUDOR JENKS,
in *St. Nicholas*.

Judgment Reversed.

BY ZELLA MARGARET WALTERS.

"ISN'T she a spiteful little monkey!"
This was such an unusually strong expression for dignified Florence that mother looked up in astonishment.

"Why, Florence!" she said. "Why do you dislike that new neighbor so?"

"She just tries to annoy me at every turn," insisted Florence. "Look at that now. She's let out that ridiculous puppy of hers, and there he goes tearing straight through my flower bed."

"What are these annoying things she has done?" said mother. "Since they have bought the house next door they are likely to be our neighbors for some time, and it seems to me you ought not dislike that girl as you do!"

"I never can like her, mother. She is horrid. You know how she comes out and sits under that tree and listens whenever I have company on the side porch, and her dog is always running in our yard, and I don't like her looks nor the way she dresses, nor anything about her."

"Florence," said mother, gravely. "I'm afraid you started out by resolving to dislike the girl. So you are not a fair judge. Remember that. You can never give people a fair decision if you dislike them. I wish you would go and call on the girl. Perhaps she is lonely here. If you once know her you are sure to find something good about her, and your unpleasant impressions will wear off."

"Mother, I really couldn't go to see her, not just now. It would do neither of us any good," said Florence.

So nothing more was said about it at the time. Florence continued to find new disagreeable features about her neighbor, but down in her heart she had to acknowledge that mother had hit upon the cause for the annoyance. On one of the first days that the new girl lived there, Florence had walked down to her favorite nook by the lake, and had found the new girl sitting upon her own special rock and gazing out over the water. An unaccountable feeling of anger had taken possession of Florence, as she retreated silently, leaving the new girl in the nook. It was unaccountable, because by no stretch

of imagination could Florence consider herself owner of that bit of beach, of the rock, or of the lake view. The beach was held in common by all the neighbors of the suburb, and the new girl had as much right there as Florence.

A week later Florence was sitting on the porch when the new girl passed in haste. She looked in with a shy nod, as if she were eager to claim acquaintance. Florence bowed stiffly with unsmiling lips.

The new girl ran down to the beach, and a little later Florence saw her putting out from the pier in a boat. There was rather a brisk breeze blowing, and Florence watched with malicious satisfaction the girl's unskillful handling of the boat. She got off at length however, and bent her course around the next point.

Absorbed in her book, Florence soon forgot the new girl and her boat. When she looked up it was to realize that the wind had freshened considerably, and the small boats out on the lake were bouncing over the waves, and looking as if they would bury their noses in each, oncoming one. Two small launches were racing for the river mouth, and soon disappeared from sight. One row-boat, with two experienced rowers, was rapidly approaching the same haven. The remaining boat Florence had no difficulty in recognizing as the one in which the new girl had started out. She was far to the west, which was perhaps the reason the other boats had not noticed her, and offered assistance. She was making toward shore as best she could. Florence watched her for a few minutes, without anxiety. She herself was such a splendid oarswoman that she hardly realized the girl was in danger.

Then of a sudden the boat turned sidewise. The unskillful girl could not right it. There was a moment when it rolled helpless in the trough of the wave, and with the next wave it was turned over, and for a moment hidden from sight. Florence had risen to her feet at the catastrophe. She did not even utter an exclamation, but her hands were clenched so tightly that the nails cut the palms. It seemed such a long time that she stood there watching the spot where the boat disappeared, but of course it was only a moment. Then she breathed again. There was the boat upside down on the crest of the next wave, and the girl clinging to it. Florence ran toward the beach. Her own boat, used earlier in the day, was tied in the open door of the boathouse. How long it took her to untie it! She had never been so slow before. She kept glancing back over the wharf to see if that form still rose on each wave.

As Florence left the shelter of the wharf she felt the strength of the wind. It was not easy to set out in it, but even as she faced it she was reflecting that she could swim awhile if necessary. Her summer clothes were so light they would not impede her. With all her vigorous strength she pulled toward the drifting boat. The girl clinging to it was no longer "a spiteful monkey." She was something infinitely precious, worth any effort and danger. Florence knew that she must reach her, unless she wanted to carry a bitter memory through life. She saw nothing but her course. She did not notice that a launch had put out from the mouth of the river. Some one in a near-by cottage had seen the overturned boat and sent help.

It was really but a short time until Florence drew up beside the overturned boat. A

glance was enough to show that the girl clinging to it was exhausted, and must soon let go. Florence went into the stern, and reaching over dragged her in. It was risky work, for the boat pitched perilously as soon as she left the oars. Leaving the girl half insensible in the bottom of the boat, Florence seized the oars again, and turned toward shore. Halfway back the launch met her, and towed her in. A doctor was waiting on the beach, and he took the new girl in charge.

Florence made her call the next day. The new girl was sitting up in her room, though she still looked a little pale. Tears sprang to her eyes as she took Florence's hand. "You risked your life to save me," she said.

"Oh, no," protested Florence, "you see I am used to boats. And I'm going to have you better taught before you go out alone again."

"Oh, are we going to be friends? I'm so happy. Perhaps I'd better tell you my name. I'm Ruth Morris. I've liked you from the first glimpse I had of you. And I've been so lonely since I came here. Do you know I've been sitting out under the maple tree when you had company, just to hear you laughing. I didn't come near enough to listen to what you were saying, of course. But I was afraid you wouldn't have time for me, you seem to be so popular. Does Tito ever annoy you? He runs over into your yard whenever he is out. I'm trying to teach him to stay at home."

"No," said Florence, somewhat surprised that she could say it quite truthfully. "He's such a little puppy that he doesn't do a bit of harm."

Florence was smiling a little shamefacedly when she went home.

"Well," said mother, "how is the sp—?"

"Don't say it," begged Florence. "My friend Ruth is much better. We are going out on the lake to-morrow. Yes, you were quite right. I started out to dislike her, and of course I saw only horrid things about her. But, mother, she is really sweet and refined, and ever so much cleverer than I. You should see the books on her shelf, and she knows all about them, too. And she's fond of the outdoors, and I'm going to see that our set of girls get acquainted with her. I hope, mother, I'll never be so stupid and unjust again."

"Judgment reversed!" said mother, smiling.

Fun.

Little Bobby's father was a doctor, and Bobby liked nothing better than to take his father's case in one hand, his overcoat in the other, and go down the street for a block or two to some imaginary patient. One winter's day, when he started out, he forgot to close the door.

"Bobby," called mother's voice sweetly, "please close the door." But Bobby was in a hurry and went on.

"Robert," came father's sterner voice, "close that door."

Bobby returned and closed the door. Some time later he came in quietly, put up the case and overcoat, and started upstairs.

"Bobby," said mother, ingratiatingly, "how's your patient?"

"Dead," was the laconic answer. "Gone dead while I was shutting that old door."

Everybody's Magazine.

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

The Snowflakes' Dance.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

Come and see the snowflakes
dance,
Merry little things!
Seems as if each tiny flake
Had a pair of wings!
Here and there and round about,
Joyfully they whirl and—shout—
No, it is the wind, instead,
That is blustering overhead.
But the little snowflakes gay,
Merry little things!
Whirl and dance and sport and play
While the north wind sings.

Magic Messages.

BY ANNA E. BLEY.

JANET placed her school-books
one upon another in a neat little
pile and glanced up at the clock.
It lacked one-half hour of bedtime.
She yawned a very sleepy yawn, and,
in order to keep awake, opened her
eyes as wide as she could and looked
straight at Aunt Mollie, who was
sitting writing at her little spindle-
legged desk.

"Mercy, child!" exclaimed Aunt
Mollie, suddenly turning around, "you
are as solemn as a little owl."

"I've finished my lessons," ex-
plained Janet.

"Well, then, you had better go to
bed," suggested Aunt Mollie.

"It isn't eight o'clock yet," hinted
Janet, "and I thought perhaps—"

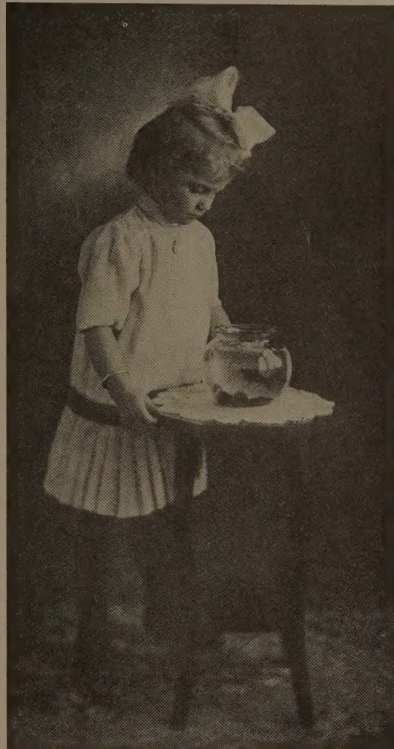
"I would think of something nice
to do," finished Aunt Mollie.

"That's it," agreed Janet, delighted
that Aunt Mollie understood so
quickly. But that was the way with
Aunt Mollie, she could very often
tell just what people were thinking
about.

Aunt Mollie sat still for a moment.
"Just you wait," she directed
briskly, and, jumping up, Aunt Mollie
left the room.

In a twinkling she was back and
had brought with her a tiny glass of
white fluid. Setting it down upon
her desk, she took a penholder and
fitted in it a nice new pen. Then
from a little drawer she drew out
a package of old visiting cards. Janet
watched her and wondered what on
earth Aunt Mollie was going to do.

"Oh, Aunt Mollie!" cried Janet, and
why do you suppose she said that?
Because Aunt Mollie had lighted the
candle in the brass candlestick that



JUST WONDERING.

stood on her desk, and Janet could not
imagine why.

But she did not have long to won-
der. Pretty soon Aunt Mollie called,
"Now I'm ready; bring over a chair."

Janet carried over a chair and
placed it beside Aunt Mollie's at the
desk and sat down. Then Aunt
Mollie dipped the shiny new pen into
the white fluid and began to write
on one of the cards. After she had
written something upon it, she passed
it to Janet, but it looked like a plain
white card to Janet.

Aunt Mollie smiled. "Take the
card by the tip of the corner so as
not to burn your fingers, and hold
it writing side down about four inches
above the candle flame."

Janet did as Aunt Mollie instructed,
and what do you suppose happened?
Gradually bright brown letters ap-
peared on the card and there was a
message written by Aunt Mollie.
This is what it said:

Dear Janet:

To-morrow will be Saturday.

AUNT MOLLIE.

"So it will, Aunt Mollie," and
Janet laughed merrily because that
meant no school. But Aunt Mollie
had given her another message. Janet

held the card over the candle flame
and this is what she read:

What shall we do?

"I don't know, Aunt Mollie," said
Janet and waited eagerly for the next
message, for she knew that Aunt
Mollie had some plan.

Then came another card and on it
was written:

How would you like to have a candy-pull?

"Oh, I'd love it, Aunt Mollie!"
and Janet clapped her hands at the
thought, but Aunt Mollie was writing
another message, and when Janet
held it over the candle flame, this is
what it said:

Bedtime!

"Oh, not yet!" and Janet looked
up at the clock. Sure enough, it
was just about to strike eight o'clock,
but Aunt Mollie was writing still
another message, and when Janet
read it, this is what it said:

Good-night!

"Good-night, dear Aunt Mollie,"
and Janet threw her arms about
Aunt Mollie's neck for the good-night
kiss, "and thank you for the lovely
time I've had."

Then Janet ran off to bed to dream
of the candy-pull they were going to
have the next day, and Aunt Mollie
wiped off the shiny new pen and put
the rest of the cards away. She
blew out the candle and picked up
the tiny glass of white fluid to carry
it down to the kitchen.

And can you guess what that white
fluid was? It was nothing but *plain*
milk.

The Reason.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

The pine tree has its needles
That on its branches grow,
But though it has so many,
It doesn't try to sew.

A greenback is good money,
And every frog has one,
But never does he spend it
For either food or fun.

The brook has sands of silver,
And some have sands of gold
Which in the bright pools glimmer,
But never are they sold.

Perhaps there is a reason
Just why they pay no heed:
Kind Nature gives them freely
Everything they need!

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

Being a Girl. Last year, as our readers will remember, we issued a Boy's Number of *The Beacon*. I dare say all the girls in our Sunday schools read and enjoyed it. To-day we offer a number in which the girls' interests are chiefly represented. We hope they will enjoy their paper.

"What boy," perhaps some one will ask, "will read your girls' number?" Well, I think it will be the sort of boy that Theodore Roosevelt was. He tells us that what he liked most to read as a boy were the stories in a girls' magazine which was a monthly visitor in his home. Some stories are about boys, some about girls. Others picture them together, brothers and sisters, chums, school-mates. Both boys and girls like to read all sorts. The human interest is deeper than any special phase of the life of boy or girl.

Of course being a girl is the most wonderful thing in all the world—to a girl. She has her part in life to play. She has her own talents and gifts to develop. She has her ideals and her aspirations. Will she remember that honor, courage, truthfulness, loyalty, strength, are qualities that the girl as well as the boy must cultivate? Charm will not atone for lack of a fine sense of honor. The wish to please will not excuse lying. There are no virtues which belong to boy or girl alone. Human beings need them all. While she is gaining them, the girl will be sure that she is also giving to her friends just what a girl can best give: joy and gladness, grace and loveliness, the beauty and the brightness of youth.

A Sunday School Pledge.

THE May Memorial Sunday School of Syracuse, N.Y., has as its school motto the words "Be Faithful." To help them realize the meaning of their motto and carry it into effect, the members learn and recite the following pledge:

We the members of May Memorial Sunday School, enlisted under the banner of Faithfulness, pledge ourselves, on our honor, to the best of our ability,

To do our duty to God, our country, and each other.

To be loyal to our school, our church and our faith.

To be helpful to those who need our help.


To be loving and gentle to all, especially those who are weaker than ourselves.

To be clean in mind, word and thought.

To reverence womanhood, old age, and all things beautiful and good.

To speak the truth and live the truth.

To seek in all things to follow in the footsteps of Jesus.




THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ONE of the ways of helping others which the Beacon Club offers is revealed in the first letter here given. Some other class of boys will no doubt be glad to try the way here suggested for raising funds for some good purpose. Thank you, Arthur.

READING, MASS.,
60 Prospect Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—We gave a play in the grove near our home, and we put curtains from tree to tree and made a theatre. The acts were "The Two Old Women," "The Silver Bucket," "The Endless Tale," and several dances, songs, and speeches. We got three dollars and twenty-seven cents. We gave it to the Fathers' and Mothers' Club Farm.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR ALLEN LIBBY, Jr.

CONCORD, N.H.,
15 Franklin Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Concord. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much and always read it as soon as I reach home.

Your new friend,
FLORENCE E. OSGOOD.

EUGENE, ORE.,
252 North Pearl Street.

Dear Madam,—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Mrs. Bancroft is the superintendent of the Sunday school. Our teacher's name is Miss Gilkison. We get *The Becons* every Sunday, and I enjoy reading them. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
CELESTE CAMPBELL.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXV.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 4, 12, 18, 7, is part of the face.

My 1, 6, 25, 16, is a body of water.

My 21, 14, 17, 7, is a place to live in.

My 19, 2, 11, 11, 5, 10, is a message.

My 13, 15, 9, 20, is the end of a race.

My 23, 24, 3, 21, is a food.

My 22, 10, 8, is found in the ground.

My whole is part of a Christmas carol.

LOUISE HUNTER.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 11, 6, 11, 13, 5, is something to read.

My 4, 8, 1, is something to drink.

My 3, 7, 9, 2, is to be happy.

My 10, 12, is the opposite of on.

My whole is an American author.

B. P. AND A. W. -

HIDDEN TREES.

One day we all started for the —. Bobby held the car fare in his —, and he looked so — that we all thought that he and Mabel were a pretty —. Grandma shook like an —, but after the car started, she did not care a —. We sat under the old drooping —, and we had — pie for luncheon. I — for the sea, and the sight of the broad — made the tears come.

WATERTOWN, MASS.,
15 Field Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would love to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian church. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday. Our Superintendent is Miss Dadmun. She is very nice indeed.

My name is

CELESTIA WHITNEY.
(Age 8 years.)

LANSING, MICH., Bx. 110,

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Universalist church. I belong to the Universalist Sunday school. We had a Hallowe'en Party. We played many nice games.

All of our Sunday school children read *The Beacon*.

WALTER ROSS MOORE.
(Age 7 years.)

ALAMEDA, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck,—Every Sunday I get *The Beacon*, and, although I cannot read it myself, I have a little friend who reads it to me, and I am very much pleased with it.

Every story that is read to me out of *The Beacon* teaches my brother and me a new lesson. I wish every little boy and girl could get *The Beacon* to read and learn from.

Lovingly,
SIDNEY GRANT THAXTER.

MADISON, WIS.,
420 N. Carroll Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Church, and I am eleven years old. I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club very much. I am in sixth grade at the Washington School.

Sincerely yours,
HELEN HUMISTON.

NETS.

1. What net holds many a lovely face?
2. What net's an ornamental stone?
3. What net must by the mouth be blown?
4. What net is that of fourteen lines?
5. And what a polished spear confines?
6. What net some officer must set?
7. From what a rare perfume we get?
8. What net's a bird with a sweet-toned voice?
9. What net's our tuneful grandma's choice?
10. What net will name a kind of goose?
11. And what's a Spanish beast of use?

Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XXII.—Charles Dickens.

ENIGMA XXIII.—Grand Rapids.

A RIDDLE.—Top, watch, pen, pin, book, money, game.

CHANGED INITIALS.—Bough, dough, rough, tough, cough.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Christmas.

A CASE OF CAPS.—1. Capsicum. 2. Capsize. 3. Captain. 4. Captor. 5. Capuchin. 6. Captivate. 7. Captions. 8. Capsule. 9. Capricorn. 10. Captain.

Contributions have been received from Hester Sallee, Denver, Colo.; Louise Hunter, Greenfield, Mass.; Mildred Lanman, Plymouth, Mass.; Sylvester Ford, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Varian Steele, Buffalo, N.Y., and Fred Schaubel, San Francisco.

Answers to the puzzles in No. 10 were sent by LAMAR BROWN, WATERTOWN, MASS. and JIMMY BROWN, WATERTOWN, MASS.